

The Porch  
Cambridge

27<sup>th</sup> Oct:

1904

My Violet,

Your letter is a treat. I  
feel established in this minute  
Cambridge world already. Lord!  
how dull it would be to  
live here! There seem to be  
about 10 nice & interesting  
people, who circulate in  
each other's lozges - Darwins,  
Maitlands, Newham, &c.

I went to see the Mitland  
yesterday, & he is coming to  
talk to me this afternoon. I am  
going to offer to write down some  
of the things I remember - Especially  
of this last year, when he was  
out of England. <sup>NYPW</sup> Now wants me  
to very much. I see she is  
rather nervous of giving her own  
recollections, which weren't altogether  
happy or characteristic, & set  
the scene to be the great authority  
she had a very good board of  
diaries, of her own & her Mother's.  
Her Mother are most amazing

is interesting. He kept records of all  
his children said & did from the  
time they were born till 1873.

Some of the child sayings are quite  
delightful, & extraordinarily characteristic  
of him as a man, & of the father  
who always makes haste to agree,  
& to offer Lellie ~~her~~ best toy when  
he has broken his! I want

Fred to get hold of some letters &  
publish them. Men has a few, but  
they are excellent - beautifully  
natural & expressive like his talk.  
The difficulty is to find who has  
got, & kept, his letters. I have none.

I don't sleep much: otherwise I am  
very well, much less tired than I

way in London. A bad night has not  
made the difference it did, & I have  
had no headaches since I came here -  
So I think the doctor must be  
doing good. I quite understand  
only too well - Father's point of view  
about her. I don't know what it is,  
but I can sometimes hardly sit still,  
she irritates me so. <sup>NYPL</sup> She is  
perpetually flowing with rather  
trivial talk, which nevertheless  
she takes great, & painful, care  
to express with a pronounced  
satisfaction. Also I disagree  
entirely with her whole system  
of toleration & resignation, &  
general benignity, which does seem

to me so woolly. I can't tell  
you how she maddens me when  
she begins to talk about father.  
It is pathetic too - but oh  
such trash! She always manages  
to get a hold of the wrong  
Explanation of every thing he ever  
said or did or wrote - at least  
so it seems to me. She always  
pines in to my opinion, & says  
'Oh of course I know him  
much better than I did' It is  
a good deal to dispose of her  
theory that I want to write  
something for Ned, who must

naturally be guided a good deal  
by her.

Now my woman, to business. When  
could you come here & should  
you really like to come? I  
am perfectly happy <sup>MYSELF</sup> alone, so  
don't come out of charity. Of  
course, I want to see you, &  
so does the quacking Quaker.  
Who says he feels much in  
common with you, & can never  
thank you sufficiently for all  
you have done for ~~for~~ her & as  
one! This week, I think

Nessa is coming on Wednesday for 2  
nights, & Nan has asked brother  
Stephen for 2 nights on Friday.  
So could you come on Monday,  
or early next week? & stay  
as long as you can? She was  
much touched by your wanting  
'Luaker Stronghold' & I think  
wants to give it you herself, &  
inscribe it when you come.  
Nessa seems to have done most  
of Gordon Square house work, & to  
be dining with Kitty & various  
people. Make her understand  
that she is on no account to make

an effort to come, if she is busy,  
because this I want her naturally,  
I can 'subsist without her & Tim'  
very well. I think she would  
be amazed with 2 days here,  
& Adrian is very <sup>NYPL</sup> anxious that  
she should come - also the Quaker.  
Also Fred Maitland wants to  
see her but I suppose that could  
wait. Don't let her come if she  
has other things to do.

I went to Meeting on Sunday, but  
as this is a terrible long letter  
I won't say any more. It will  
be fun if you come!

— Loving M

46. Gordon Square,

Bloomsbury.

The Torch  
30th Oct: Cambridge

My Night

I was very glad y saw letter.  
her a's visit was delightful, & we  
talked the whole time, not on  
altogether soothing subjects though.  
I cant make her, or you, or anybody,  
see that it is a great hardship  
to me to have to spend two more  
long months wandering about in  
other peoples comfortable houses, when  
I have my own home waiting  
for me & rent paid regular on  
24th day. It is such a natural

thing from an outsiders point of view,  
that I get only congratulations, &  
people say how lucky I am, & how  
glad I ought to be to be out of  
London. They don't realize that  
London means my own home & books  
& pictures & music, from all  
of which I have been parted since  
February now, — & I have never  
spent such a wretched & months  
in my life. And yet that  
tyrannical, & as I think, shortsighted  
Lange insists upon another two.

I told him when I saw him that

the only place I can be quiet & free in  
is my home with Nissa: she understands  
my mood, & lets me alone in them,  
whereas with strangers like Ann I  
have to explain every random word - &  
it is so exhausting. I long for  
a large room to myself, with books  
& nothing else, where I can shut  
myself up, & be no one, & read myself  
into peace. This would be horrible  
at Gordon St: & nowhere else.  
I wonder why Savage doesn't see this.  
As a matter of fact my shop hasn't  
improved a scrap since there has been here,  
& his Hoping draught gives me  
a headache & nothing else. However  
I shall have a few days in London  
next week, which will be some relief,

& meanwhile I can let off my irritation  
upon you! Anna contrived to say  
that it didn't much matter to anyone,  
her included, I suppose whether I was  
here or in London, which made me  
angry, but then she has a genius  
for stating unpleasant truths in  
her matter of <sup>NYDK</sup> fact voice!

I have written to ask Madsen to  
have me about the 16th, as  
Sage approves - really a doctor  
is worse than a husband!  
Oh how thankful I shall be to  
be my own mistress & throw their  
silly medicine down the shop board!  
I never shall believe, or have believed,  
in anything any doctor says - I  
hate their utter helplessness when

46, Gordon Square,  
Bloomsbury.

Father was ill. They can see at  
what's the matter, but they can't  
put it right.

This is a long & egoistical  
gripe but I do feel so sick of it  
all at times, this eternal waiting  
& fussing, & being told not to do  
this & that. I wish I could cut  
off my leg at once & have done  
with it rather than go through the  
endless bother & delay of a nervous  
breakdown.

However I have had an amazing  
day with Beatrice, who is splendid  
fun.

We lunched with Adrian, & went  
to a divinely beautiful service in  
King's Chapel. Nothing comes up to  
the Church service in these old  
Cathedrals, though I don't believe a  
word yet & never shall. Still  
the language & the sentiment yet all  
are dignified & grand above words.  
Beatrice's high voice is now going  
on downstairs, as she sits opposite  
the Luther, & they disagree to  
each other till 7, when I sit up -  
I am lying down, & descend.  
Beatrice hangs at 8. I think  
she has suffered herself, & I always

feel that she is one of the pathetic people  
who do enjoy a happy day to the full.

I am getting through my Copying -  
now I have to go through 2  
vols: of extracts from Father's & Mother's  
letters to each other. They are so  
private that Fred won't look at  
them himself & I have to decide what  
he might see & possibly publish.  
I am very anxious to get on &  
write something, very short of course  
which Fred can read & get a hint from  
or possibly quote from.

I think I shall do this at Sappleswick,  
where I can be really quiet. But  
there is so much writing of different  
kinds to be got through while Fred is  
in England, that the other must wait.

The Lucker has studiously asked a  
great dark Stephen Cozgin to stay  
here for 2 nights - Monday to  
Wednesday. You will be a  
great relief afterward & we will  
go to Meeting together. Would  
W<sup>m</sup>. Lathston like a description of  
2. Meeting <sup>NYPL</sup> from my sister's pen I fear  
think. I don't know if I shall have  
time, but it might be amusing.  
G. & Margaret talk of coming down  
here one day - & I devoutly pray it  
may be when you are here.  
Otherwise, I shall hardly see her till  
after Christmas - a hardship I  
can bear more philosophically than  
some! He will be buzzing round  
Gordon Sq: indeed everyone is kept  
one or its lawful cares! For AS.

Nov. 5. 1904

Nov 5. 1904

22, Hyde Park Gate,  
S.W.

The Parch.

My Kōlet

I am dreadfully sorry you can't come & so is the Lucker - but I suppose you are tight, & anyhow I shall see you Monday or Tuesday. As a matter

of fact I ought to stick to my letter making & copying so as to give Ted an important bundle when I leave.

I thought it would take 2 days - but it has taken six! - but I hope to finish tomorrow. Then I have all Father's &

Mother & Minny's letters to read - select & copy, which will be the hardest job of the lot. It is not made easier by

the excellent Jack Hills. I told him casually that I was going to do this, whereupon he wrote an emphatic editorial letter beginning "what ever you do, don't publish anything too intimate" &c &c &c.

Smiling however, that he knew my views were  
totally wrong; she should dislike whatever I  
did. So I wrote another & fuller explanation  
pointing out that I probably cared 10,000  
times more for delicacy & virtue where my  
own Father & Mother are concerned than he  
could; & declaring that anyhow if I made  
a selection, it was to be final. Then  
comes a letter of 8 sheets, all abuse  
of my principle, & selection; ridiculing the  
idea that I should set myself up to  
judge what it was good for the world to  
know & to be - <sup>NYPL</sup> repeating a usual  
that whatever I did, was sure to be  
wrong. Now, as I am doing what I  
dislike, against my will at best wish,  
& as the Gallant Jack never knew her  
understood Father & has no more sense  
of what a book ought to be than the  
fat cow in the field opposite - I was  
considerably angry - & wrote him the  
letter which I am thinking of enclosing  
for your amusement. Burn it, & don't

22, Hyde Park Gate,  
S.W.

tell her a son have seen it. He substantially,  
in fact wholly, goes with me, but I hear  
from her letter this morning, that she can't  
stand up against the authoritative Jack.  
He deserved something a good deal sharper I  
think; & if I have to discuss the question any  
more, he shall feel it. After all, it is  
not I that am writing the Life: my whole  
part in it is to copy & select from letters,  
& Fred Maitland has his own notion of  
what a life ought to be, & with carry it out  
without asking my opinion. If Jack was  
to interfere, he ought to write to him direct,  
instead of pestering me with his thick skulled  
proprieities... Jack always manages to  
put his great hoof down with a clatter  
on precisely the most delicate & difficult  
side of every question. He is legal &  
drags, dust to the back bone, poor little  
vestape tied parchment Solicitor!  
But I want here him whispering where Father

is earned!

There - I let off the remains of my indignation upon you. Happily the Quaker has mounted his war horse too, & strongly disapproves of the "very un-intelligent behaviour" as she calls it, & but Jack <sup>Hilly</sup> Fred has, as I knew he would have, very clear set ~~down~~ opinions of his own: it I wanted to, I could <sup>quite</sup> not alter them - but if it happens I entirely agree. It is a mercy that we have him to write it; else some one else Hilly, surely might do it, & that would make me turn in my grave... My life here is practically spent with old letters, & so my news is limited. Here we have for 2 days, very cheerful & happy. The Quaker intones, as usual: Adrien comes in like a vigorous daddy-long-legs, & brings a breath of fresh air into the place. Otherwise it is a handspan little society, which has but a small orbit - or axis or whatever the thing is - to revolve upon. I am going with Florence Maitland this

afternoon to interview a blue Persian Kitten which I think of buying  
for my room at Gordon Sq. I can't sleep a bit better, &  
I know as certainly as before, that Gordon Square is the only  
place where I can be sure. However I don't expect any  
doctor to listen to reason.

I shall be glad to see you - & take care of you very,

Can see the depressing effects  
of much writing upon my hand!

46, Gordon Square,  
Bloomsbury.

Nov. 8 1904

My Nephew

As I came & up in the rain  
to day, I thought to myself how  
I afford to buy a really nice  
China inkpot, for my walnut desk.  
And I came to the wise conclusion  
that I must put up with an  
ordinary glass one. This was  
virtue rewarded, because, when I came  
into my room, the first thing I saw  
was just lovely & most satisfactory  
& exactly what I had thought of  
inkpot, with all his holes, & a  
well for ink deep enough to write

a dozen articles for the Guardian.  
But you know you've no right to make  
me present, & you a bad beast.  
I'm going to get some real good  
black ink tomorrow, to christen it  
with. Jordan Sy. when I'm not  
there indulges in slate coloured water,  
like that I'm writing with.

I am feeling really sweet & happy  
& able to sketch my legs out in  
hope for the first time for 7 months  
& only that pigheaded man Sarge  
will see that this is no her bath & no  
excuse! — I know I shall sleep tonight  
as I haven't for a month. The house  
is a dream of loveliness after the  
darker brown paper. Love very very  
Laffy. We will pick you up tomorrow.  
The row with Jack has blown over  
P. S. Violet's delicious

NYPL

U W 1911

Nov. 10<sup>th</sup> 1904

46, Gordon Square,  
Bloomsbury.

Thursday.

My Violet,

I came upon this kind of May  
which I wrote at Menorbia. It  
ain't up to much, as I was  
writing then to prove to myself  
that there was nothing wrong  
with me - which I was already  
beginning to fear <sup>there was</sup> (H.S.)  
wrote very quick & hasty - without  
thought, as they say, of publication.  
But the Quakers' words bear  
fruit, & I think I may as  
well send this to Mr Lytton

to show her the kind of thing I do.  
Of course I don't for a moment  
expect her to take this which  
is probably <sup>NYPL</sup> too long or too  
short, or in some way utterly  
unsuitable. I only want

to get some idea as to whether  
possibly she would like me to  
write something in the future —  
at Leglis with for instance.

Could you address <sup>this to</sup> <sup>send it on tonight,</sup>  
her office address, which I  
don't know. I don't

want her to think that she has got  
to show me the least favour, because  
of Son!

Miss Carr is very anxious that  
you should come with us up  
to Hampstead next Wednesday  
afternoon? Can you?

We are going.

Sleep no better - but I  
am much better here than  
anywhere else.

I so want to see you.

With Aff.